



The Board Walk.
ATLANTIC CITY
An American Institution.

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Sketched from life by
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Multiply this by one hundred thousand then multiply by two and that's what the walk looks like. When you start out in one of the baby buggies you recall your infant-hood days and just naturally feel around for a rattle or a bottle.



The puppy peddler. Thousands say: "Ain't they cute!" to one who says: "How much?"

The big boardwalk traffic cop, rather traffic shepherd. His signs are a broad smile, and a beckon.

The privilege of "from hotel to beach in bathing suits" gives the walk a "back-stage-follies" appearance.

When the fat, the weak, and the weary rubbernecks are all in, they sit in the board sheds along the boardwalk and rubber some more.



The tenderfoot who tried to walk from one end of the walk and back.



It's odd how a little buggy-pusher will draw a package like this to cart around, while a big burly hustler will draw a couple of one-hundred and fifties.



A month-ender from Texas.



And a week-ender from New York.



The funniest things you see from the walk are the devil horsemen who never rode any kind of a horse, excepting a wooden one on a carousel galloping wild up and down on the (rented) fiery steeds.